

Moolah

We had an investment house here  
named for a one possessing

a splotched and pocketed face with  
a nose you could stuff with silver

dollars. So? Not Rotogravure material,  
but his deep pockets attracted petite  
ladies who slid therein down silkily.

Anyway, it closed abruptly. What happened  
to the old guys who sat and watched monitors  
all day long? They took away their checked

slacks with a compartment built in almost under  
the chin, evidentially holding a basket  
of assorted cheeses.

Ripped down squat Mussolini modern,  
and a twisted erector set showed me  
it wasn't total crap. But,

I struck out again! Thus  
never saw the rumored massive screw.